His Fame Will Be Like a Masquerade of the Carnival, With Its Trumpeting of Fools.

...OUIDA ON CHAMBERLAIN...

The Real Head of the Government, Says Ouida, Is Full of "Madness for False Greatness."

THE NOVELIST'S STARTLING ARRAIGNMENT OF ENGLAND'S MONOCLED STATESMAN.

BY OUIDA.

A few years ago, at the moment when Mr. Chamberlain, having left the Liberal party, was being adored by the Conservatives, I met him in one of the palaces of Belgrave square. He was standing surrounded by the most beautiful and elegant of the ladies of the aristocracy, who offered their homage to him as the greatest of men. It was a rather strange spectacle, and I imagine Chamberlain, conscious why it was given, did not enjoy it immensely, and I laughed not a little. His physiognomy betrayed his character; it is not distinguished, but it is full of energy, intelligence and ostentation. It is the face of a merchant, not of a statesman; of a prudent person, not of an intellectual one. The eternal monocle at his eye serves to hide the expression, and the short upturned nose makes his features commonplace, though the others are regular and delicate. During the last years he has aged faster than he should have done, and this is said to be due to the torments of gout and neuralgia. Chamberlain always dresses well, "too well," a former Viceroy, a friend of mine, whispered in my ear, and he is never without an orchid in his buttonhole, flowers brought from his famous hothouses.

It is said, and probably truly, that Chamberlain left the Liberal party out of jealousy of Gladstone, and actuated by irritation at Gladstone's rule, and also because Lord Rosebery was then in the Liberal party, with all his promise of power, as was Vernon Harcourt, while in the Home Rule party was that great genius, Charles Stewart Parnell, in whom Chamberlain recognized invincible superiority. Here is indeed a satisfactory explanation of his presence in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. Though de jure only Minister for the Colonies, he is de facto the actual head of the Government. Some distinguished men have acted as Minister for the Colonies, but none of these has made this secondary position supreme, like Joseph Chamberlain. Whose fault is it? Let us try to settle it, for the problem is sufficiently interesting, and one of the most interesting of phenomena is the sight of Robert Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, completely subjected to the rule of this Birmingham merchant. At the present moment there is (apparently) no one who is the equal of Chamberlain in force of character and intelligence. The only person in the Conservative party of any influence is Lord Salisbury, but, as the facts show, Chamberlain is already sure of his ability to persuade and rule the illustrious head of the Tories, as he has persuaded and dominated other personages.

A friend of mine, in characterizing Lord Salisbury, said to me: "He is a cannon of heavy caliber, but he doesn't go off; or, if he does, he does harm to his own side." It is probable that Chamberlain holds the same opinion of him and has maneuvered that selfsame cannon of heavy caliber. It is a fact that when Chamberlain renounced the Liberal party he aimed at this very present triumph. If posterity blame and condemn him, I believe they will find him of little importance, exerting little influence after his death. His fame will be like a masquerade of the carnival, with its trumpeting of fools.

When Napoleon the Great was engaged in his Egyptian campaign, he said: "If I were to die to-morrow I shall have jumped into a page in a universal dictionary." I do not think that Chamberlain would care whether he were merely in a page or had a whole volume. It is enough for him to rule and lead men. If he had been born fifty years earlier, would he have succeeded? I do not think so. The admirable men of the first fifty years of this century were possessed of qualities quite different from his. But at the present time the qualities that he has are more fortunate, and by this I intend no compliment to him or to his time. In an epoch of greater courage, integrity and nobility than this a great party like the Conservative would have shown greater respect for the cause that created it. It received him with open arms and wild enthusiasm; nor would the victory of the Tories in the election of 1895 have been possible had not Chamberlain allowed it on the condition that he be included in the Ministry.

But Chamberlain declares he has not changed anything that was not forced upon him by events; the Conservative party has come to him and seconded all his wishes, and in this statement lies a certain truth, if not all the truth. As two negatives make an affirmative, perhaps two desertions make fidelity! The Conservative party, and especially its central organization, the Primrose League, received the Liberal former Minister with hysterical joy. All aristocratic society was on its knees before him. Here imperialism gained, there home rule certainly lost, but none perceived which of them the aristocratic party would attack like a troop of draft horses hitched to the triumphal car of the Deputy from Birmingham, and it has waited for the attack until now. It is a singular spectacle, and, as has been said, hardly a noble one. The history of England is increased by a chapter of little honor, made even worse as it closes in an unjust war and the apotheosis of Chamberlain. And 'tis he who has persuaded and urged the nation on to this war against the Transvaal. He may call it his war, as the Empress Eugenie called that of 1870 "ma guerre a moi." Had Chamberlain only remained Mayor of Birmingham, with the sole ambition of earning a livelihood and ruling in the Municipal Council, this combat with the Transvaal would never have been necessary.

The war was conceived, desired and brought about by the Minister for the Colonies. Lord Salisbury, somewhat tardily, after a long silence, accepted the responsibility in his speech at Guildhall only a month or so ago. Naturally Lord Salisbury denied the accusation of the President of the French Commercial Chamber, but whoever has followed attentively the acts of Chamberlain before and after the period of the Royal Commission about Rhodes and the Jameson raid into the Transvaal could not for an instant doubt the intimacy of the relation between Rhodes and Chamberlain, and he stopped the work of that commission lest some light be shed upon the details of their compact. At the very point of danger the president of the commission intervened and stopped the mouths of the witnesses. We have seen similar methods elsewhere. During the first days of his examination Cecil Rhodes was extremely nervous, but, reassured, he recovered all of his stolid indifference. These are neither suspicions nor mere idle chatter, but the truth that appears clearly from the report of that comedy of a commission or Committee of Inquiry of 1897.

A little later, only a month or so, the Chartered Company of Africa, which found itself in financial difficulties, was purchased by the Government, of which Chamberlain is one of the most influential members. Everybody knows very well that Chamberlain owned a large amount of the shares of the company, and an interrogation on this matter was timidly made in the House of Commons.

But Chamberlain replied concisely that he had not negotiated the sale to the Government, and that he himself was not present when that matter was voted upon, and the state and nation was appeased by the very boldness of his denial.

Never in all the political life of England had any statesman dared so openly to favor a private company for his own gain.

Chamberlain is a knave, but his knavery does not wear the elegant and smiling mask which proved so useful to Disraeli in his knavery. He lacks that talent, so useful to a politician, of taking refuge in an elegant phrase that says nothing. He can only speak frankly; his answers are either simply brutal or equivocal. He is easily made angry, and then we see by the nerves of his face that he lacks that superiority of form which is the natural gift of the gentleman by race. But his rude manner, his cynicism, his mercantile astuteness have conquered in society and in the Government, and then we see distinguished, cultured men like Mr. Arthur Balfour become children in his hands, surrendering their will and political morality to him.

Disraeli and his teaching have penetrated and dominated English life to the highest circles, like a sinful fever that has entered and rules a province. There is no more marvelous evidence of the influence of Disraeli, still increasing, than in that peculiar association called the Primrose League—a name due to Disraeli's reputed preference for that modest blossom of spring.

Disraeli, notwithstanding his genius, had a passion for reclame, for false brilliancy, ostentation, and for tinsel (as may be seen in all his speeches and in all his novels), and he succeeded in implanting that passion in the confined, reserved English character. The first sign of this malady in the nation was when it allowed Disraeli to change an ancient and illustrious monarchy into a new, false empire.

After the first step the madness for false greatness spread throughout the land and made of this truly great and noble nation a people so swollen with pride in its riches that it hawked out its superiority in loud tones; but vanity is no more admirable in a nation than it is in an individual.

This money madness, indubitably the work of Disraeli and the plutocracy, prepared the way for Chamberlain, who beat on the big money chest, and, having no scruples, has not hesitated to say so. In the time of Disraeli the country was governed by an ancient aristocracy, of elevated sentiments; now it is governed by financiers and speculators, who make the ancient aristocracy dance to any tune they please.

It seems as if the country is tired of Lord Salisbury, who still remains faithful to the better customs and ancient traditions of statesmanship, and that it wishes to be under the sole leadership of the audacious Birmingham merchant.

I agree with Mr. Stead, editor of the Review of Reviews, that Chamberlain was well acquainted with the scheme of Jameson and entirely approved it, but he was opposed to the raid at that time, because in precipitating events it interfered with his own plan. That plan he is now trying to carry out with the war into which he has led the English nation. That he alone is responsible for this war no one who has studied his speeches, his dispatches and his replies to the Committee of Inquiry can for a moment doubt.

The most illustrious English thinkers, Herbert Spencer, John Morley, Frederic Harrison, have protested unsuccessfully against the madness of sending the English Army and reserves to the end of Africa to protect the interests of the shareholders in the Chartered Company, but they have spoken in vain; in vain, because it is easy to make a people drunk with drafts of vanity and brutality, but it is difficult to make it listen to counsels actuated by good sense and humane justice.

Chamberlain has continued the work of Disraeli, but he has brutalized and vulgarized it. The beautiful quality of the English people is lost.

Now as to the moral of this brief study: I do not hope that the English will gain victories, because this would certainly give Joseph Chamberlain supreme power.—Translated from the Italian in Nuova Antologia.

COLONIAL SECRETARY JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

DEFENDING JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, A REPLY TO OUIDA.

Giving full play to the exuberance of a flowery imagination, usually employed in the art of fiction, "Ouida" makes of her picturesque pen a scalping knife, applying the same to the person of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. She is determined to paint the Colonial Secretary the blackest of pitch, and begins her assault upon this trusted Minister of her Majesty in a manner that is scarcely less than vulgar. When it is seen that she attacks, at the very opening of her bitter and intemperate article, the man's personal appearance, it will also be guessed that she can do him no substantial damage. There is no surer confession of weakness than to criticise your adversary's clothes. But as "Ouida" is a recognized force in the literary world, it is necessary to point out how grievously she knows how to err.

To begin with, "Ouida" makes Mr. Chamberlain out a cad, wearing loud clothes, rude and irritable in manner and unrefined in speech. Indeed, a singular sort of person to find "surrounded by the most beautiful and elegant ladies of the aristocracy * * * in one of the palaces of Belgrave square." As a matter of fact, Mr. Chamberlain has the reverse of an aggressive personality, although, as "Ouida" admits, his face is "full of energy and intelligence." Whoever has seen Mr. Chamberlain rise in the House of Commons must have been struck by his easy manner—that of a gentleman accustomed to the society of gentlemen—and his suave speech. Far from anything rough or parvenu-like in the Colonial Secretary's bearing, he is a person of the distinctly agreeable type. And this no unprejudiced mind could fail to perceive. By some esoteric process, which can only be guessed at, because the author of "Under Two Flags" vouchsafes no deductive reasoning on this point, Mr. Chamberlain's neatness of attire and his rise from comparative obscurity are connected with a supposed vicious influence of Disraeli upon the national and political life of England. "Ouida" seems to imagine that because young Disraeli dressed and behaved theatrically, old Beaconsfield did nothing better. Lord Beaconsfield was pre-eminently a Conservative; he was fully convinced that England's strength lay in her traditions, and, therefore, constantly and ardently advocated adherence to the aristocratical system. This hardly agrees with "Ouida's" strictures upon that great statesman. Nor does her strange theory accord with Disraeli's wishes and endeavors to, as he said, raise "the character of the people." If "Ouida" means by Disraeli's "false empire" unusual or unwarrantable colonial expansion, we consider that his regime was no more to be impeached in that respect than that of any of his predecessors. If she means Queen Victoria's title of "Empress of India," we say that that title has a significance purely local to India, and is useful in attaching her Majesty's Indian subjects to her.

On the question of Mr. Chamberlain's alleged czardom over a helpless England and an imbecile Tory party, "Ouida" makes extraordinary surmises. In the first place, the position of the Conservative party in England has of late years been a very powerful one. That party enjoyed an accession some fifteen years ago of a number of Liberals who, rather than allow home rule for Ireland, cut adrift from their party. These were the Unionists, among whom Mr. Chamberlain was a leader. Since that time such men as Goschen, Asquith and Balfour have come to the front and made names for themselves through their great abilities in the finacial, home, executive and debating branches respectively. How a party with "only one person of any influence" (Lord Salisbury) has stood so long and so firmly one cannot logically conceive. But apart from the circumstance that the Conservatives are ably led by Mr. Balfour, who has the full confidence of his party, and the Premier, it is well to state that the soundest and most respectable opinion in England does not by any means bend the knee to Mr. Chamberlain, but recognizes and respects Lord Salisbury as the head of the Government. Lord Salisbury has taken, as "Ouida" correctly states, the responsibility for the Boer war. That he listened to Mr. Chamberlain's advice is undoubtedly true, but it is equally true that he is too wise and experienced a statesman to be merely coaxed into such an undertaking against his will. If Lord Salisbury indorsed Mr. Chamberlain's policy, he approved of it, and without the Prime Minister's seal of sanction, the Colonial Secretary might have talked forever. Any one who has followed that most independent and rational organ, the London Spectator, will have read reasons enough to believe in and support Lord Salisbury's Premiership.

Any one, too, who knows the British nation will refuse to credit the assertion implied by "Ouida's" article, that the race that sprang from Hengist and Horsa is under the complete domination of a cheat, charlatan and cad. The mere fact of Mr. Chamberlain having risen to his present position in English politics—as a member of Parliament and a Cabinet Minister—shows him possessed of the very qualities that have made for the greatness of England. It is not easy, in that country, to attain such a position by pounds sterling. No; it is just Mr. Chamberlain's force of character (for the acknowledgment of which our thanks to "Ouida"), his keen intellect, his sagacity, his civility, his faculty of making men adopt his own forcible opinions, his vigor, his vitality—it is all this that has brought Joseph Chamberlain from Birmingham to Westminster.

JOHN FITZ FORBES.

MAX NORDAU on National Sympathies, Apropos of the Struggle Between Briton and Boer.

BY MAX NORDAU.

National sympathies are a novelty in diplomacy. Formerly they were a totally unknown element and played no role at all in international politics. The more fortunate predecessors of the present monarchs and Ministers did not have to reckon with them. The nations knew nothing of each other. With the exception of a few prominent merchants and adventurers, nobody troubled. With the exception of a few savants, nobody read. Since there were neither relations nor political curiosity between nation and nation there was but little sympathy and even less international sentiment.

Every nation sought to fulfill its own destiny. What lay beyond it was simply an object of indifferent fantasy. The people were filled with a certain fear and awe of the unknown. The words foreigner and enemy were synonymous.

The international sympathy and antipathy could only be aroused where there was concordance or difference in religion. I need only to remind students of history of the intense hatred nursed in the entire Christian Orient throughout the Middle Ages against the Saracens. In later years until far into the Eighteenth Century we have an example in the anti-Turkish sentiments throughout the Christian states. Everywhere Turkey was regarded as the arch-enemy of Christendom.

With the exception of religious antipathies there was no common feeling between the nations. Of a mutual inclination between peoples, of a friendly sympathy in mutual destinies, there is no record. In one respect this new phenomenon of the sympathy of one nation toward another may be greeted as moral progress. It certainly signifies a departure from a too narrow national egoism or Chinese seclusion. It is a premonition of a future condition of universal citizenship.

Our sympathies are usually aroused by sudden impressions. It is difficult to define the motives of the heart which attract souls toward each other. They are whimsical. We might justify imbalance in natural sympathies toward individuals, because, as a rule, they are seldom misplaced. It is a different thing, however, if we permit these spontaneous sympathies to go out to an entire nation. In that instance they are usually misplaced.

In fact, national sympathies and antipathies are seldom the result of natural sentiments of the heart. How is it possible for one nation to receive personal impressions of another? Contacts en masse between nations occur only in war, which is not the most favorable opportunity for the mutual judgment of character. On the other hand, tourists and commercial travelers who dwell among foreigners for long or short periods do not exert a decisive influence on the sentiment of their people for others. I have, therefore, concluded that the only source of national sympathy remaining is in the power of the imagination; in other words, the most unreliable guide of human action.

If we inquire into the origin of national sentiment toward foreigners, we encounter, as a rule, an aesthetic root. One has met a national type in art which appears attractive, and the favorable impression thus received is attributed to the entire nation. All Europe was filled with enthusiasm over Greece's struggle for independence. One recognizes in the Greeks the people of Homer, Plato, Phidias and Epaminondas.

Despite the fact that Fallmerayer demonstrated scientifically that the modern Greeks are not the descendants of the old Hellenes, Europe could not be roused out of the dream into sober reality. I need not cite proofs that national sympathies awakened by thoughtfulness, generalized impressions of poetry and art, have no right to influence international politics. The power of imagination of the masses draws its inclinations, not only from aesthetic sources, but frequently from erroneous historical and ethnographical traditions.

Let us remind the reader of the absurd theory of "Latin Brotherhood," recently promulgated among the so-called Latin nations. Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Roumanians, South Americans and even Haytians were to consider each other as brethren, owing one another special love and faithfulness. This was made the subject of numerous public speeches and toasts, and was echoed, not only in newspapers and literature, but also in diplomatic correspondence and legislative resolutions.

The relationship existing between the Latin tongues is not even close enough to make it possible for them to be understood by the Latin nations without previous instruction, and certainly there is no proven blood relationship. Scholars know that the "Latin Brotherhood" is an empty phrase. It is a will-o'-the-wisp which vanishes with personal contact. Nevertheless it has guided the politics of great states in critical moments, and always to their detriment. The same may be said of Pan-Slavism, which also cannot stand critical examination, yet it was influential enough to incite the Turko-Russian War of 1877-78.

PROFESSOR MAX NORDAU.

In the present deplorable South African war we find that the German and Dutch masses are on the side of the Boers, and are passionately opposed to the British. This is partly explained by the general human sentiment of chivalry. It is but natural and moral to sympathize with the weak against the strong, with the valiant defenders of home and family against the covetous world conquerors.

But the German and Dutch sympathy for the Boers is nourished by ideas of blood relationship, which have no more foundation than the theories of Pan-Latinism and Pan-Slavism. Most of the Boers come from Prestan, and only their language is somewhat akin to the Dutch and very little to the German.

The British are as closely related to the Germans as are the Boers, and the difference between the distance between the English and the German language on the one hand and the Boer and the German language on the other hand can only be measured by inches. Now, if we are asked to listen to the so-called voice of blood, it will clamor as much in favor of the English as of the Boers.

All generalization is hazardous and implies many false notions. The most impeachable generalization is that of a favorable inclination toward a foreign people. Universal love is reasonable, but a prejudicial affection for a foreign nation with whom we have never come in personal contact is unreasonable. With the French it is a case of "morbid sentimentality," and a sign of moral degeneration, for to say that the Boers are in the right simply because they are the weaker nation is ridiculous in the extreme. Such a sympathy originates in illusions, errors and arbitrary notions, and is, therefore, an obvious absurdity.

Whoever has traveled much and has closely observed the ways and customs of foreign lands will find in every nation amiable and repulsive individuals, men of honor and scoundrels. He will not judge entire nations by individuals. If it is unreasonable, therefore, to love or hate collectively a foreign nation, it is senseless to fashion international politics under the sway of such sentiments.

Let our national sympathies be guided by a rigorous justice.

MISS BLANCHE WALSH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Blanche Walsh, who plays Fanny Davenport's roles in the Sardou plays, which Mr. Melbourne McDowell continues to present, was an actress of standing when she joined the Empire Company, two years ago, to play the part of the peasant woman in "The Conquerors." That same season she headed one division of Frank Mordaunt's stock company at the Herald Square and the Columbus in New York. It was in this engagement that she brought herself into artistic prominence. She interpreted the Countess Zika in "Diplomacy." Fanny Davenport's death occurred about that time, and the late actress herself selected Miss Walsh as her successor. Miss Walsh bears some resemblance to Julia Arthur.

AN UNUSUAL PICT URE
of Miss Virginia Harned (Mrs. E. H. Sothern).